

1719



A
Modern CHARACTER,
INTRODUC'D
In the SCENES of
Vanbrugh's ÆSOP.



R. Thompson (P)

Modern Character,

INTRODUCED

In the Series of



Vandenberg's

K Stamper (F.)
A

Modern CHARACTER,
INTRODUC'D
In the SCENES of
Vanbrugh's *Æsop*.

As it was acted at a late private Representation
of *Henry the Fourth*, perform'd GRATIS at
the little *Opera-House* in the *Haymarket*.

To which is added,

The *Prologue* and *Epilogue* to the Play.

Faith, Gentlemen, I don't know what you mean.—

*One weighty Reason why you should not prate is
That whatsoe'er was giv'n, was giv'n GRATIS.*

See EPILOGUE.

The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *F. Stamper*, in *Pope's-Head Alley*, *Cornhill*;
and sold at the *Royal-Exchange*, *St. Paul's*, *Temple-Bar*,
Charing-Cross; and by *H. Constapel*, in *Conduit-Street*,
Hanover-Square.

[Price Sixpence.]

ALPHABETICALLY
INTRODUCED
In the SCENES of
VANDERBILT'S ALPHABET

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first edition.



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P R E F A C E.

TH E following Trifle, as a Piece of very little Consequence or Amusement, would never have been offer'd in this Manner to the Publick; had not the Parties for whom it was design'd, by a very clamorous and ungentlemanlike Behaviour, denied the rest of the Audience the Liberty of hearing it; and been since very busy insinuating, that it was a mean and malicious Attempt against particular Persons, extended even to the Publick Papers.

For

For this Reason, as well as at the Request of many of the Spectators, it is now publish'd; the Gentlemen, however, who were offended by some Passages, which they alone could apply, are assured, that they would never have been inserted, had they not taken such great Freedoms with this Scene and its Author; by procuring a Party to his it, long before a Syllable of it was wrote, --- it is presum'd there needs no Apology for the Impropriety of introducing this Character to ÆSOP, when Sir John Vanbrugh himself has set such an Example throughout his whole Play.*

* This Scene was wrote on the Saturday Afternoon, before the Day of Performance, and not begun till then.

Secretly will be published,

A Trip to DUBLIN;

Being a ludicrous Account of a Journey to IRELAND.

Interpers'd with several curious Remarks, and interesting Adventures that befel the *Author* and his *Horse*, whose very learned Observations are also introduc'd.

By F. STAMPER.

*Long wander'd I thro' thick and thin,
Half roasted now, now wet to th' Skin;
By Sea and Land, by Day and Night.*
COTTON'S Virg. Trav.

This Day is published,

Another FRAGMENT.

Being the remaining Part of the 11th Chapter, and Chapter the 12th, 13th and 14th, which were left unfinished in the former Part of this valuable Collection of *Secret History*.

Sold by *A. Pope*, near the *Change*, and all the Booksellers of *London*, *Oxford* and *CAMBRIDGE*.

A TWO VOLUME EDITION

Being a judicious Account of a Journey to Ireland.

Interpersed with several curious Remarks and interesting Observations that shed the Light on his History, whose very learned Observations are also introduced.

By J. STANLEY.

Long runneth I find this and Wink
That round note, now out to the
By sea and Land, by Day and Night
Gorton's Vag. Trav.

This Day is published

Another FRAGMENT.

Being the remaining Part of the 1st Chapter
and Chapter the 1st, 2nd and 3rd
which were left unfinished in the former
Part of this valuable Collection of
History.

Sold by N. Peto, near the Church, and all the Booksellers of London, Oxford and Cambridge.



A

Modern Character,
Introduc'd in the Scenes of
VANBRUGH'S *ÆSOP*.

Written by F. STAMPER.

SCENE, a Garden. *ÆSOP* sitting.

Enter SPOUTER.

Spout. **L**ET this auspicious Day be ever sacred,

L No Mourning, no Misfortunes happen on it :

Let it be mark'd for Triumphs and Rejoycings :

Let happy Lovers ever make it holy,

Choose it to bless their Hopes, and crown their Wishes,

This happy Day! ———

Æsop. Pray, young Gentleman, what are you in such a Passion about?

Spout. Passion, Sir! Lord, I was only paying my Compliments in the best Manner.

Æsop. Sir, I presume the best Manner is that which is the most intelligible.

B

Spout.

Spout. Sir, I presume your're an old Prig and know nothing about the Matter : By the best Manner, I mean, the most *Sublime*, the *Lofty*, the — a — the *Heroic* ! don't you understand *Heroic*'s, Mr. Æsop !

Æsop. Not your *Heroic*'s, Sir.

Spout. Oh ! I find, you have no Taste for the *Trag.*

Æsop. Really, Sir, I don't know what you mean by it.

Spout. The Devil you don't, oh, it is impossible, Mr. Æsop, that you who understand every Thing, should not know what *spouting* is ?

Æsop. *Spouting*, Sir !

Spout. *Spouting*, Sir ! ay, *Spouting*, Sir ! come, come, don't *Hum-bug* us old Dad, but give us a Speech in *Richard* — Egad, you are naturally adapted to the Character ; that Hump of yours has an admirable deal of Propriety in it ; — Now are our Brows, — stay — stay — Now are our Brows —

Æsop. What kind of a Fool have we got here ; This Fellow seems to be mad without knowing it, and to be possess'd of a new Species of Folly : I must be let into it before I can pretend to correct it.

Spout. Now are our Brows, — ay, — Now are our Brows ?

Æsop. Well, Sir, and what about our Brows ?

Spout. O that's the Speech, come, begin.

Æsop. Really, Sir, I am entirely ignorant in this Case.

Spout. Ay, that I know very well, and therefore
ex-

expected you would pretend to know a great deal; in short I find you're no *Spouter* by your *Modesty*; and therefore I'll tell you my Business with you; hearing that you set up for an Orator, and speak Fables, I am come to give you a little Instruction, as to *Action*, *Step*, *Emphasis*, *Carriage*, and the rest of the *Minutiae* of the Art.

Æsop. I find, Sir, you're mightily skill'd in the Art, if I may judge by your Knowledge of the Terms.

Spout. Skill'd, Sir! ay, I have Reason to think I know a little? Why there now are the Players at our two Theatres, — *fad Dogs*, — *fad Dogs*! indeed; ——— do you know, Sir, that these Fellows are continually pestering me to give them Instructions.

Æsop. No, Sir, I know no such Thing.

Spout. Sir! but I assure you they are, Sir; but I won't, Sir, I will not do it.

Æsop. Methinks, Sir, that's a little ill-natur'd, as the Town will be so much oblig'd to you.

Spout. Why I'll tell you, Sir, the Case is this; I have hurt myself, Mr. *Æsop*, by being too lavish of my Instructions, for I have shewn those Fellows some particular Strokes and Beauties; and would you believe it, Mr. *Æsop*, when (as I am often desir'd by *People of Quality* to do it) I have appear'd in a private Performance, the Audience have cried, there, *Now he takes off such a Player!* and, *Now he takes off such a Player!* and this arises, Mr. *Æsop*, from an undistinguishing Judgment, that cannot tell the Copy from an Original.

Æsop. Well but then, Sir, (I hope no Offence to your Quality, Sir,) I am surpriz'd you don't oblige the Town in Person.

Spout. Why there now, that's the Thing! — the Masters of the Theatres are continually making me Offers, ——— very considerable Offers! ——— I might I believe have a cool FIVE HUNDRED for the Season; * but I don't know! — I won't accept it, I have a good Mind never to play again, for Egad all the Barbers Boys in Town are at it. ———

Æsop. Then it seems you have play'd in *publick*.

Spout. Ay, Sir, *privately* as I told you.

Æsop. In *publick privately*, Sir!

Spout. Ay, old Dad, I see that's a Paradox to you; but I'll tell you what a *private publick* Play is.

Æsop. Sir, I should be glad to be inform'd.

Spout. It is a Play rais'd by Subscription, where Tickets are sold cheap by Wholesale, in the same Manner as *Books of Christianity* by the Hundred, for

* Alluding to a Gentleman whom we shall speak of farther, who after spreading such a Report found himself taken so little Notice of, that he thought the only Way to make himself known would be to make up a Play: Accordingly he appear'd in *Romeo*, in which he had several Excellencies, which we have remark'd in the latter Part of this Scene; but as his evil Genius order'd it, Mr. *Garrick* (who was to have been sollicit'd as a Spectator, in order to be a Judge of what Use this finish'd Player might be to him) that very Night appear'd in the *Mourning Bride*. But we hear there is another shortly to be perform'd, at which 'tis hop'd Mr. *Garrick* will attend, and not let our Hero's Merit pass unregarded.

the

the sake of those who are inclin'd to give them away.

Æsop. In order I suppose, either to profit or to oblige the Receivers.

Spout. O, little enough of that, Sir.

Æsop. Well, what do the Subscribers get by it, then?

Spout. Get, Sir! Why they get themselves laugh'd at.

Æsop. Is any Body fond of this, Sir.

Spout. O, Sir, there is a much greater Pleasure in being laugh'd at, than you wise Men imagine.

Æsop. One would conclude so by your Account, and that the Laughers had a good deal of Justice on their Side.

Spout. Not quite so much neither, Sir; for, if one spends their Time and Money, the other is equally guilty of the former; and what is somewhat worse than the latter, betrays an equal Want of Understanding.

Æsop. I wonder as you seem to be convinc'd of this *Folly* you should not abandon it indeed.

Spout. *Folly*, Sir! it is to be sure a *Folly* for those to play who don't understand it, Sir.

Æsop. Intimating, Sir, that you do; a Sentiment I doubt not but sticks as close with Respect to themselves, to all your Fraternity.

Spout. Yes, Sir, but you must own there is some Difference between an *extravagant Vanity* and a *Consciousness of Knowledge*.

Æsop. The latter of which I presume is your Case.

Spout.

Spout. Sir! you're very obliging; I can tell you, Sir, you seem to be a Man of great Understanding, I wish you had been along with me To-night.

Æsop. Pray where have you been?

Spout. I have been, Sir, to see *Harry the Fourth*, perform'd in the *Hay-market*.

Æsop. Did you play in it, Sir?

Spout. Sir, I was a Subscriber.

Æsop. Well, Sir, and how did it succeed?

Spout. Why, Sir, it had Enemies. You must know, Sir, no Body was admitted to Rehearsals, which was a certain Way to raise it Foes; and then, Sir, a Sett of *Brother Spouters* found Means to get into the Gallery, where they lay all along between the Benches, to hear the Rehearsal of the *New Scene* in the Entertainment; but Egad they were disappointed, by being turn'd out again.

Æsop. Well, but how were the Characters perform'd; there was *Hotspur*?

Spout. Ay, there was *Hotspur*! — But I don't admire to give my Judgment, I leave that, Sir, to the Audience.

Æsop. The *Prince of Wales*.

Spout. You may as well leave that to the Audience too, Sir, for he was an Acquaintance I don't chuse to condemn. *

Æsop. Well, and what did *Falstaff* make of his playing?

Spout. O, Sir, he only made a Joke of it.

* The Person that perform'd the *Prince of Wales* appear'd also in that of the *Spouter*.

Æsop.

Æsop. And the *King*.

Spout. Nay, there thou mak'st me sad. †

Æsop. Sir!

Spout. Nay, Sir, I told you before I did not chuse to give my Judgment; but to satisfy you as well as I can, it went off as well as could be wish'd, with so little *Merit* on the Side of the Players; and so much *Good-nature* on the Part of the Audience; But this is not to the Point, old Gentleman; I come to give you a little Instruction! — Mr. *Æsop* to your Health, you see I take Liberty. [Takes a
Glas of Wine.

Æsop. Sir, I see you do.

Spout. Come Cardial and not Poison. * [Drinking.

Æsop. This Fellow's Vanity seems to be of such a Kind, that it will hurt no one but himself. — And so you would instruct me to the End of my being a *Spouter*?

Spout. Why, faith, Father *Æsop*, you would not make the most *jeffamy* Fellow that ever I saw; yet, if you have a Mind to have a Touch, let me take the Top Character, and I'll make up a Play with you.

Æsop. Sir, you're obliging.

Spout. Yes, faith will I! and you shall be Manager too, whereby in running away and not pay-

† The Person who perform'd the *King* perform'd *Æsop*, whom the *Spouter* imitated in this Line.

* Here he strove (tho' in vain) to make as horrid a Face as a celebrated Gentleman noted for his playing *Romeo*.

ing the Property Man, and getting a good Number of Subscriptions, egad, old Fellow, you may be something in Pocket.*

Æsop. Sir I return you my Thanks, but I must own I have no Ambition this Way.

Spout. I find Mr. *Æsop* you have an Aversion to Instruction, come, give us a Fable that I may see how you do it.

Æsop. Well Sir,

Once on a Time when Plays were seen,
By Swains presented on the Green;
A Monkey chanc'd to rove that Way:
He stop'd, sat down, and saw the Play.
When done, much pleas'd, *Pug* homeward ran,
Resolv'd to rival artful Man;
To some few Comrades told his Scheme,
And fix'd upon th' intended Theme;
(In Hopes with Praise to be required)
And all their Brother *Pugs* invited.
They came, the Connoisseurs in Wit,
All crowded to the Vale, their *Pit*.
While nimbler some to view with Ease,
Got Gallery Tickets for the Trees.
The Curtain rose, the Prologue too
Pass'd pretty well as your's might do;
'Till by and by the awkward Mein
And Action of the Play'rs were seen;

* This to the Person it is designed for, needs no Explanation.

In Hisses loud the Audience broke,
And all was ended in a Joke.

Well, Sir, how do you think I spoke it.

Spout. O very badly Sir, very badly, — but as to the Matter itself I confess —

Æsop. You don't like it.

Spout. Yes; but you might have added a Line or two farther, intimating that the Hissers were but Brothers of the same Family! * — After all Mr. *Æsop*, I find you and I shall never agree thoroughly, and so I bid you *Eternally adieu! Farewel forever!*

Æsop. With all my Heart Sir, but I can't pay you with equal Concern.

Spout. O! Sir, I beg your Pardon, you don't love *Trag.* then to shew you that my Talents are universal, I'll give you a Spice in Comedy. —
† *Bon Soir Signior Æsop, — there's a French Salutation for you.*

Æsop. For which Sir, I'll attend you out.

* Here a violent Hiss from Lawyers Clerks and Hackney Writers.

† The Reader is here desired to read the *French* as *English*, which was the Way this finish'd Gentleman spoke it in the Character of *Mercutio*, — we had no Mind to degrade or any Way affront Mr. *B——w*; But on Account of some Liberties he took with the Author, of which he was inform'd by his Friends.

Spout. O Pardonnez moy! ah! O Pardonnez moy.

[Exit.

Æsop. Who waits there, — see the Gentleman out, and let me be plagu'd with no more Visitors.

[Exit.



PRO-

P R O L O G U E.

CONscious, of what th' unartful ought to fear,
 Th' affected Laugh, or loose disdainful Sneer,
 Tho' hard our Task, we venture to impart,
 A weak Attempt in this so *backney'd Art*;
 Yet why is this so despicable grown?
 Say? why is this! the Laughter of the Town.

Priz'd is the Youth, at *Tennis*' noble Sport,
 And loud Applauses eccho through the Court;
 When by repeated Strokes, in manly Pride,
 Th' elastic Ball rebounds from Side to Side,
 Or when at *Cricket*, vig'rous Exercise!
 Swift as a Dart unto the Goal it flies,
 How prais'd that nervous Arm, the *Bat* doth
 weild,
 And sends it wide retreating o'er the Field.
 How do the swift of Foot, your Rapture raise,
 And th' agile Horseman, boast his Share of Praise.

Behold the bold *Athletic* Sports become
 Now worthy *Britain*, worthy once of *Rome*:
 And yet shall these your Praises bear away,
 And ours not share the Honours of the Day:
 Oh! far superior is our slighted Art,
 To warm the Soul, and captivate the Heart;
 The Springs of Nature, it's peculiar Care,
 At once to fire the Man, and charm the Fair,

As fam'd of old, when Shepherds on the Green,
 Artless rehears'd the rude unpolish'd Scene ;
 'Till by Degrees improving more and more,
Thespis (a Spouter of the Days of Yore)
 Kept *Country-Wakes*, and rais'd his darling Art,
 Unto the crowded Honours of a *Cart*,
 Then its own Worth encreas'd thro' every Age,
 And *Roscius* and *Æsopus* trod the Stage ;
 Whose Names, the *Romans*, did so long revere ;
 For there they shone, as *Quin* and *Garrick* here.

This to shew whence our Art its Merit draws.
 Hence, tho' we fail to meet desir'd Applause,
 'Tis great to *fall*, if in a glorious Cause !



Spoken

Spoken on their calling out loudly for an
EPILOGUE.

Written by F. STAMPER.

FAITH, Gentlemen, I don't know what you mean! —

Have not we promis'd an additional Scene?

What, must ye have an Epilogue beside?

For Shame, Sirs! will you ne'er be satisfy'd?

— For my own Part, I'd do my best to please ye,
At least, the best I could to make you easy!

But, for an Epilogue, there is none wrote;

And yet it seems you'd have one writ or not;

Quite reasonable! and since you're so peremptory,

What if I try to give you one *Extempore*: —

Now how you sneer and grin, but by the bye,

You don't know, Sirs, how smart a Wit am I. —

— Augh! — how you stare now with your Critic
Faces!

Pray what's your Right to grumble in these Cases?

One weighty Reason why you should not prate is

That whatsoe'er is giv'n, is giv'n *Gratis*.

We make no *great* Pretensions to your Favour,

Our *Motto* tells ye that we but * *Endeavour*.

Think upon this, and tell me what will do,

Must it be *buskin'd* — *ti-tum-di* — or no?

Or, will a little comic Trifle do, Sirs?

Tho' by the Way, you *Beggars shou'd'nt be Chusers*.

* The *Motto* over the Stage is, *Conabimur*.

Ay,

Ay, Beggars! — nay, nay, if you're piqu'd and
pout,

Egad I'm off, and then you go without!

O! now you smile! as much as t'say go on.

Attend me then, I'll give ye a *Comic* one.

But let's reflect on what before has been,

Some have come *laughing*, others *sneaking* in:

Well then for Change, (for Repetition's cloying)

Suppose that I go out, and come in *crying*;

No — that won't do! — why what a Fool am I!

You'll say 'tis downright Tragedy to cry;

For nothing too will look like *maudling Drinking*:

(Egad, I am not so smart as I was thinking!)

Well then, if that won't do — *you'll ha't you say!*

Caution, or not, I'll do it — *as I may*.

O *you bright Fair!* — you know our constant
Trade is

To court the good Opinion of the *Ladies*;

For if they're pleas'd you see it in their Eyes,

And for your Souls you dar'n't be otherwise.

O *you bright Fair!* *with most accomplish'd*
Faces!

O *pray permit our poor, — and weak — At-*
tempts —

To steal in — to your good Graces!

'Pshaw — Damn it now! — faith that won't do
again;

In short, good Sirs, I cannot do it then.

Yet

Yet tho' I now want Wit, did you ne'er want,
I warrant ye, and so your humble Servant.

[*Going out.*

— You must have th' **EPILOGUE** and roar
about it,

And yet you see you're finely humm'd — *with-*
out it.

F I N I S.



Advertisements.

In a few Days will be publish'd,

The Third EDITION of the Old Woman's *Dunciad*,

By MARY MIDNIGHT.

With Notes by *Margelina Scribelinda Macularia.*

4 AP 54

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The Author of this Work returns his Thanks to
his Brother Scribblers for the bad Character they
have been pleas'd to give it. He esteems it the
greatest Proof of its Excellence next to that of its
Approbation among the best Critics, and its Success
in the Publick; both which it having happily met
with, he gives the Losers leave to rail, and is very
merrily

Their humble Servant.

